

# GRIN

HUMOR IN PICTURES

**10¢**

**AUGUST**



**BEST PLACE  
TO HIDE  
MONEY**

**Where To  
KISS YOUR  
GIRL**

•

**CARTOONS**

•

**JOKES**

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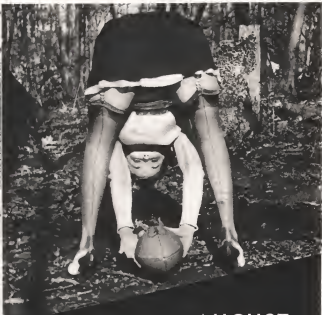
**HUMOR**

Photo by Black Box Studio

**GIRLS BOWLING AND WRESTLING**



"Do you think I'd be wasting my time in New York?"



HUMOR IN  
PICTURES

# GRIN

AUGUST  
1940





# SHOOTING ON FISH THE BEACH

Shooting fish on the beach is as easy as shooting fish in a bathtub! And if you have shot many fish in your bathtub lately you will know what we mean. It seems like yesterday that we shot that fine Rainbow trout just as it was slipping down the drain to safety. Ah, but that's another story. You should have seen the one that got away!

To get back to the sport of shooting fish on the beach, all you need is a stout yew bow, a quiver of arrows and an eye like that of a Robin Hood or a William Tell. Just draw the long bow, let fly with the shaft, and with any luck at all you'll have a fine shore dinner in a jiffy. It solves all that dreary time of waiting for the fish to bite when you are hungry and the fish are not.

Piscatorial archery will never take the place of golf, but it gets the girls out into the open air where the new styles of bathing suits can be seen and appreciated by all and sundry.

These new swim suits are nifty little garments with no hooks on them—but plenty of eyes! The girlish Robin Hoods never lack for interested spectators or kibitzers as they pursue their finny prey. Fish are not all they land. Cupid, too, knows how to shoot a mean arrow, and more hearts are smitten than fish are hit. Truly, shooting fish on the beach is the sport of queens!

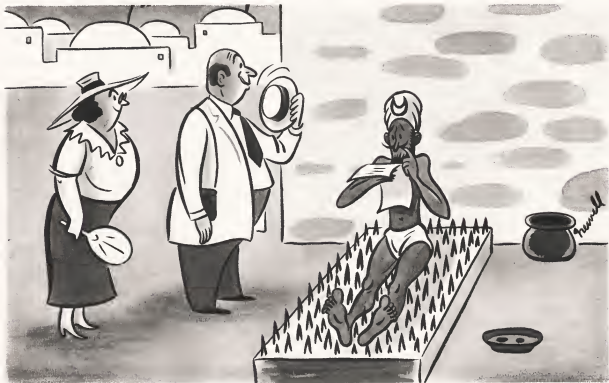




"For goodness sake! Can't a poor movie actress have any privacy?"



"That's just in case you're thinking what I think you're thinking!"



"We want you to endorse an ad for the Ajax nail company."





"You've got moths in your closets!"

# WHERE PEOPLE HIDE THEIR MONEY



In a stocking. She hides the roll under the roll. Some girls keep their money in their stockings because that's where it draws the most interest.



In the bean pot. She mixes her spinach with the beans so no one will ever find it. If she eats it by mistake, well, that's just too bad.



On the topmost shelf of the cupboard. When she gets that shopping urge this reminds her of how hard it is to get your hands on money.



Under the mattress. Before she spends her cash she likes to sleep over it. And only an old maid would fear a burglar under the bed.



And then, of course, the old-fashioned hiding place. Ask Grandma, she knows!

The men who run our banks think they have a good thing—but you can't account for tastes. Some people are mistrustful of burglar-proof vaults, so they spend their time finding odd places in which to hide their precious store of those little green men who never talk back. It doesn't take a first class burglar to figure out the "secret" nooks of amateur hoarders. In the old days, they used to bury their doubloons in the back yard, but how many people have a back yard they can call their own. The idea now is to find a place closer to home—behind books, in old candy boxes, or as our lovely model illustrates. She's very bright about that sort of thing—has a mind for unusual places—but every now and then she finds such a good hiding spot that she can't find her money when she wants it.



# ALLEY OOP!

## GIRLS BOWLING

Ready! On the mark! Watch her style. She'll show you some form!

Now for a good beginning. The pins are all set up. And what pins they are!

People seem to be bowled over by this new sport craze. And no wonder, because now the pretty girls are taking it up in a big way. Long ago the girls used to stay at home clicking their knitting needles, but now they go out to knock over the ten-pins in the alley. Set 'em up! Bowling for girls is here to stay. No more will the bowling alley be filled with the heavy cigar smoke of the male customers. The lighter fragrance of the feminine cigaretttes is already cutting through the choking mists of the El Rapos and cut-plug. The pool room is now the last stand of the stag male. They say pool is really "too divine," girls! Are you going to let this fascinating sport be for men only? On to the pool room! The girls will take over!







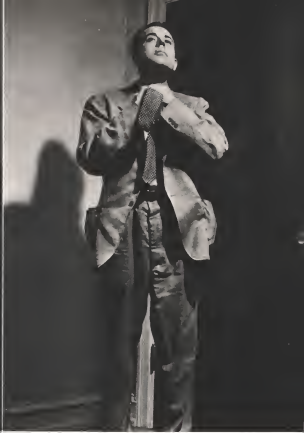
Oops! No strike this time! Not even a spare. Something is very wrong. She can't let go!



It's got her down! She's slipped! She's slipping down the alley. Just a slip of a girl!

Slide for home, lady! You'll make it easy!  
That's one way to knock down the pins!





TO HIS TAILOR:  
A FUGITIVE FROM A PANTS PRESSER

TO HIS WIFE:  
ASLEEP AT THE SWITCH

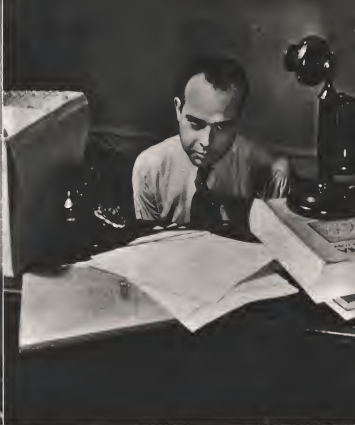
TO HIS SON:  
A KNIGHT IN ARMOR



# HOW A MAN LOOKS



TO HIS MOTHER:  
LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY



TO HIS BOSS:  
THE MAN WHO ISN'T THERE

TO HIS FRIENDS:  
FOUR-BOTTLE MAN

To himself a man is always God's gift to the world. Those about him have a different idea. His wife finds him boring, his tailor sloppy. His mother never forgets that he outgrew short pants and Buster Brown hats; his boss considers him two cuts above a worm; his friends are convinced that he's a secret drinker. Only his son, still young and probably influenced by the set of electric trains he thinks will be his next Christmas, thinks he's a big-shot.



# GRIN AND TAKE IT

She: "I hope your recent marriage has turned out to be a success."  
 He: "Oh, it's swell! I've already made three plays out of my wife's post."

Bookseller: "Yes, sir, can I show you anything?"

Customer: "I want a book, please."  
 Bookseller: "Yes, sir. Something light?"

Customer: "That doesn't matter—I have my car with me."

"How do you write a dictionary?"  
 "Oh, it's just like fighting with your wife. One word leads to another."

"Where's that canary you used to have?"

"I had to sell him. My son put his cage on the radio set, and he learned static."

"Call that a Caruso record? The man is singing in German!"  
 "Yes, sir. The record has been translated."

Artist: "Whatever success I have had I owe it all to the telephone."

Friend: "How's that?"  
 Artist: "Well, while I was waiting for them to give me the right number I practised drawing on the wall."

Customer: "Do you think you can make a good portrait of my wife?"

Artist: "My friend, I can make it so lifelike you'll jump every time you look at it."

"What kind of a man is Jones?"  
 "Well, if he had his conscience taken out, it would be a minor operation."

Explorer: "Why do you look at me so intently?"

Cannibal: "I'm the food inspector."

"What's the weather like?"  
 "It's so cloudy I can't see."

"Tom and I have arranged our vacation. We're going to hike."  
 "It's wonderful how popular that place has become. Everybody seems to be going there."

First Aviator: "But suppose my parachute doesn't open?"

Second Aviator: "Well, that's what's known as jumping to a conclusion."

"Water has killed more people than liquor ever did!"

"How do you make that out?"  
 "Well, to begin with, there was the flood!"

Farmer: "This is a tobacco plant in full bloom."

Visitor: "How interesting! And how soon will the cigars be ripe?"

Marriage is like a railroad sign. When you see a pretty girl, you stop; then you look, and after you're married you listen.

Mistress: "Cook tells me you want to go out tonight. Is it urgent?"  
 Maid: "No, it's mine."

"A lot of prominent citizens in Syracuse want me to come back and live there."

"Really?"  
 "Yes, they want me to come back and settle."



"Did you say 'No' or 'Oh'?"

"Jackson is so darned conceited!"  
 "Yes, on his last birthday he sent a telegram of congratulation to his mother."

"I understand that Lloyd is thinking of getting married."  
 "Don't be silly. Men who are thinking of getting married are not thinking."

"How do you account for the fact that you have such big feet—heredity or environment?"

"Environment. You see, I was raised in the foothills."

Hotel Manager: "What's the matter? Don't you think this resort is full of life?"

Guest: "That's just it. They're eating me alive."

"I found him the tightest man I ever met in all respects but one."

"What was that?"  
 "He had a screw loose somewhere."

Doctor: "Has there ever been any insanity in your family?"

Modern Wife: "Well, my husband thinks he's boss."

Doctor: "What you need is an electric bath."

Patient: "Not for me. My uncle got drowned in one of those things in Sing Sing."

"I'll drive," remarked the wife as she climbed into the back seat.

First Worker: "Why all the rush to get to work?"

Second Worker: "I gotta be on time today—we're calling a strike."

Molly: "So you're going to give Joe another chance?"

Polly: "Yes, but I don't believe he'll kiss me this time either."

Dora: "I think I've got more men friends than you have."

Flora: "Yes, you're just two chumps ahead of me."

Things that used to upset the old-fashioned girl simply set up the modern one.

Here's one about a temperamental tattoo artist who always does his best work on an empty stomach.

"Why did you name this boat after your wife?"  
 "Because it's got a flat bottom."

A good nudist puts off everything until tomorrow.

If a man sets out to do it he can overpower any girl that wants him to.

Some women have good husbands; others married the men they wanted.

Don't worry about the future; it may not last long.

"What's that large book lying on the table?"

"Can't you see? This is my memory book."

"Sure enough—I ought to have noticed it was blank."

"Why do rabbits have shiny noses?"  
 "Because their powder puffs are on the other end."

"I asked if I could see her home."  
 "And what did she say?"

"She promised to send me a picture of it."

"Where do blind dates come from?"  
 "They are girls disappointed in love who have cried their eyes out."

"It is bad luck to walk under a ladder?"

"Not if there's a pretty girl on it."

We'd rather let the grass grow under our feet than over our heads.

She: "I'm glad you like my nose and mouth. I like your nose and mouth, too."

He: "Then let's combine our best features."

First Actress: "You say you had a diamond bracelet stolen. How much was it worth?"

Second Actress: "Oh, about a column and a half."

"I had an egg for breakfast this morning."

"That so?"

"Yes, and it was a bird!"

Child: "Daddy, do you remember when you first met Mummy?"

Husband: "Yes, it was at a dinner party and there were thirteen at table."

"Your wife has just eloped with your doctor."

"Oh, Lord! The prices he'll charge me after this!"

Mally: "I told him he was a brute, and returned all his beastly presents."

Polly: "And what did the wretch do?"

Mally: "Sent me a dozen boxes of face powder in return for what he had taken home on his coat."

About the only time a girl appreciates a steady boy friend is when she's in a canoe.

"You'll have to excuse me. I'm going down to the steamer to meet my husband."

"Is he returning from a cruise?"

"Na, he's in a Turkish bath."

Prisoner: "This is the end. I go to the electric chair tomorrow!"

Sweetheart: "Don't give up all hope yet, dear. I've bought you a pair of shock absorbers."

Northern girls chew gum, but South Sea Island girls are just Wrigley all over.

As soon as a girl gets past the age of making faces at the boys she starts in to make eyes at them.

Why is it that a little was rubbed on a man's mustache convinces him that he knows all about women?

"How many leaves has a clover?"

"Four if it's lucky."

"I hear your boat was a day late."

"Yeah, and they docked it, too."

"What do you think of Freud's psychoanalysis?"

"Aw, Freud is just a dreamer."

"Why are you putting that envelope back in your mail box?"

"Shhh! That's a decay."

Mother: "Your fiancé, dear, seems to me to be a man who has no bad habits."

Daughter: "Oh, you're wrong. Mother. I've taught him some."

She: "Do you feel quite at home?"

He: "Oh, not at all. I'm having a swell time."

She: "But suppose your wife found out you were making love like this?"

He: "Don't tell her. She'd want me to do it to her, too."

"Every cent I earn goes on my wife's back."

"Business with you must be rotten."

"Dirty looking clouds, what?"

"Yes, they ought to build some more skyscrapers."

"Mary was quite décalotté at the dance last night, wasn't she?"

"Why, I didn't know that she ever touched a drop."

"Jim has a terrible habit of talking to himself."

"That isn't so bad; just so he doesn't answer himself."

When a girl giggles at everything you say it's a sign that someone once told her she had a keen sense of humor.

"Care to da a few mare letters, Miss Harvey? I seem to be prolific tonight."

"That little blonde dancer has a wonderful sense of balance."

"Yes, she never fails to pick a fellow with a good bank account."

Dara: "I finally found out that my boy friend had already promised to marry two other girls."

Flora: "What engaging ways he must have."

She: "I suppose you're the type that likes wine, women and song?"

He: "Na, I don't care for music."

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He: "Your husband seems like a brilliant man. I suppose he knows everything."

She: "Don't worry. He doesn't even suspect anything."

"Tell me about the fire at your hotel. I hear you barely escaped."

"It's a lie! I had my pajamas on."

He: "Well, Honey, have I proved that I can drive with one hand?"

She: "No, you certainly gave me a bum steer."

First Crap Shooter: "Do you put your watch on this pass?"

Second Crap Shooter: "Yes, I'll shoot the works."

"I see Dabbs has written a new book."

"What immoral does it paint?"

The pessimist spoke mournfully to his friend.

"It is only to me that such things happen."

"What's the matter now?"

The pessimist answered dejectedly: "Don't you see that it is raining?"

The optimist fell from the top story of a skyscraper. As he passed the fourth story, he was overheard muttering:

"So far, so good!"

First College Boy: "What happened to the half-back?"

Second Quarter: "The trainer rubbed his back with alcohol, and he broke his neck trying to lick it off."

"Wild? My dear, I'll bet she's broken all of the Ten Commandments."

"Well, if she hasn't she's chipped an awful lot of them."

She: "What's that in your hand?"

He: "Just a pawn ticket."

She: "Oh, why didn't you get two? Then we could both go."

"I've been expelled from that nudist camp."

"But why?"

"Because I had a stitch in my side."

Every goldigger loves the simple things—if they're rich.

Daisy: "How can you tell a gentleman when you see one?"

Maisie: "Just wink at him—He'll understand."

Flora: "Did you say you have him eating out of your hand?"

Dara: "Yes, he's pawed two of my rings to buy food."

He: "I just rolled up my sleeve, and they arrested me for indecent exposure."

She: "But a bare arm isn't indecent."

He: "Well, you should have seen what was tattooed on it."



LATEST GOOD JOKES



# WHERE TO KISS YOUR GIRL

The problem today is no longer "how to kiss your girl", but where to kiss her. It's no longer a question in technic but in tactics. The old-fashioned parlor used to be the place, but what can you do when the entire family spends the night glued to the radio? The advantages of the new system is that it gets you around. No more long hours on horsehair sofas, surrounded by chromos of the dear-departeds. There's no

point in keeping your love under a bushel, say the young couples of today. So they're not shy about demonstrating it all over town. Every movie theatre has its quota—which is a break for the audience when the picture happens to be boring. Not to mention excursion boats, suburban trains, park benches that are exposed to 24-carat moonlight, every other parked car, and semi-lit doorways.

Kiss her in the park. A park is for public relaxation. So get your relaxation there.



Kiss her in the auto. A good driver knows how to get around the curves in fast time.

Kiss her in the train. It makes a long journey seem short.



Kiss her in the movies. Don't mind the other people. They are watching Clark Gable kiss.

Kiss her on a boat. Be right on deck when the kissing is handed out.





## BABES IN THE WOOD

Hunting a squirrel to make a squirrel coat. She's a real square shooter. Or, what is much better, a square shooter —with curves.



Curled up with a good book in the air-conditioned forest is a swell way to spend the lazy summer days. She's reading about the successful tree surgeon who opened a branch office.



A swell smile for you from o swell girl in o swell gown. Ain't that something?



The sport of grunt and groan is no longer for men only. The girls have changed it to quiggle and groan.



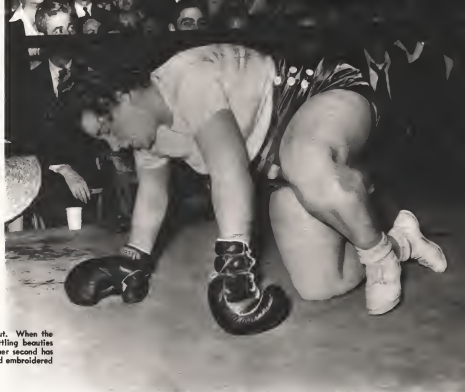
Toe holds, half nelsons and flying mares are all part of the game when girls wrestle. Hold everything!

## CURVES IN THE SQUARED CIRCLE

### NIFTY KNOCK OUTS!

The so-called gentler sex has given up the heyday for the haymaker. The clinging vine type is as out of date as last year's hat. And these little babes of the ring and mat have stopped saying "Gimme this, gimme that" and substituted, "Take this, take that!" As a matter of actual fact, girls all over the country are putting down their knitting and putting on their boxing gloves. It's becoming a national sport rapidly—with many towns having organized clubs and scheduled matches. So far, the boys have been clever enough to stay away from the girls, but any day now you can expect to read about some foot-hardy male who ventured into combat with a girl fighter.

There are two kinds of girl boxers—the hefty ones that win their fights, and the pretty ones that get the dates after the fights are over. Little by little, the pretty girls are taking over the field. Promoters of the new sport already have visions of a bald-headed ring-side row.



A girl may be down and she's sometimes out. When the fight was fast and furious, one of the battling beauties may get more than she can take, and then her second has to throw in the little blue towel with the hand embroidered edges.

Women's rights are sometimes rights to the jaw. Don't lead with your chin, lady! It's bad for that schoolgirl complexion.

Pardon my gloves! Punches fly thick and fast even if not so hard as the girlish gladiators battle for the not-so-heavyweight championship.





"We get a new geography teacher every few minutes! They all go nuts!"



"Go right ahead, Mr. Elson. They're just my witnesses."



"Well! This is Inspiration Point!"





"Ladies first!—It's the rule of the sea!"



## ODDITIES IN THE NEWS

One art isn't enough for this enthusiastic sculptor. Not content with his fine chisel work in carving this artistic statue, he needs must paint it, too. Perhaps he wants to brush up on his work. It's a ticklish job. But fortunately the statue isn't ticklish—or he'd get a slap from a heavy stone hand that would mow him down.

Where there's smoke there must be chimney sweeps. Here are three of these smoke stack chasers who have lately been down with the flue. Their work soots them fine. And there's nothing like being sooted in your work. They like their jobs so well they even wear stove pipe hats when they go out to sweep the soot from your chimney. They're like gossip columnists—they sure can gather the dirt.



This little dog is as sick as a dog! Every dog has his day, but this rum hound had a big evening. It was his night to howl, and now comes the morning after. He needs a hair of the dog that bit him!

This gentleman's idea of a good time is to sit in the snow and balance an ax on the end of his snout. Personally, we'd rather play solitaire, but it takes all kinds to make a world.



Rearing a child takes a lot of study. Just how does the book say to spank the baby?



Roll out the barrel! Hoops, my dear! A poor girl must wear something when the little fishes dine on her best bathing suit. It's all a barrel of fun if there are no nails in the keg.



Well, here's hopping! When a girl goes skipping gaily down the sunny sands you can figure it's just a new and pleasant way to take off excess poundage. Give a girl enough rope and she'll—aw, skip it!



This vigorous way of exercising in the gym is just gym dondyl! It's o means of getting that slim figure. When it comes to reducing every modern girl tries to be o good loser. Where there's o weigh, there's o will!

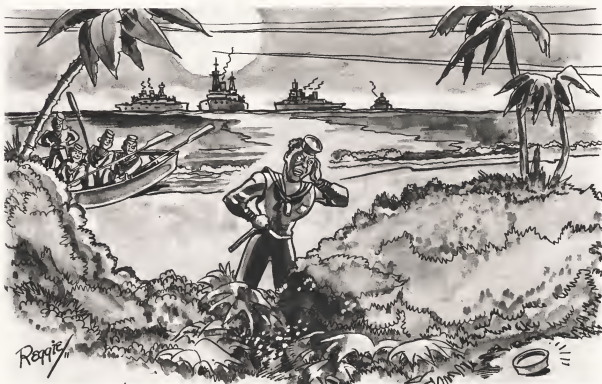




"It's our new system of eyesight testing."



"As your attorney, Miss, I'll have to warn you that you haven't a leg to stand on."



"Hey, sailor!—The fleet leaves in ten minutes!"



Reggie

"Okay, Dugan!—She'll be ready to rescue in just a second!"



A nice drink of water! A drink from a pure and bubbling spring deep in the piney woods is as refreshing as a sip of soda from the fountain in the city. When you're thirsty, it's as good as a bottle of beer on ice.—Well, almost as good.



If she can only cook! This shapely hiker is lighting a little campfire to dish out a meal of freshly caught trout. To know how to land a fish a girl must know all the angles. To know how to land a man she must have all the curves as well.



Something neat under the sun! When a girl turns a nice brown color from tan, well, that puts a different complexion on things!

# GRIN



Photo by Black Box Studio